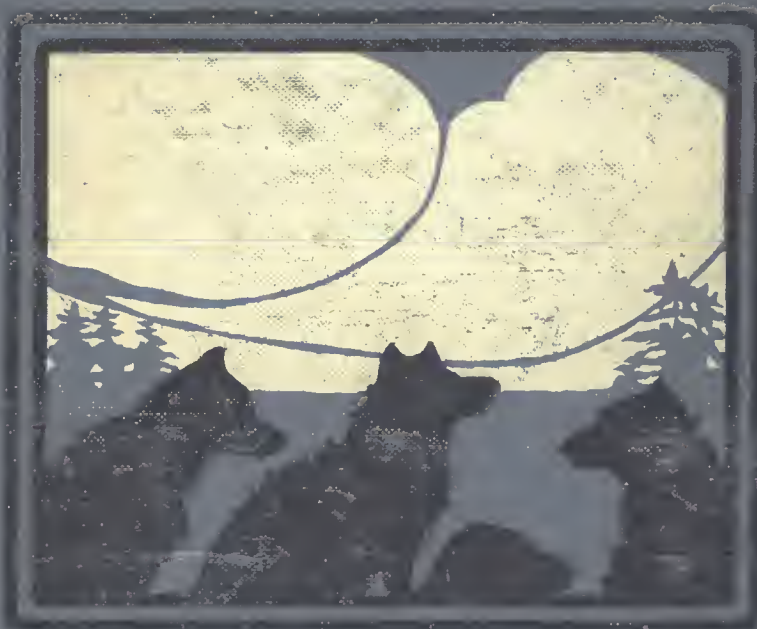


DERBY  
DAY  
*in the*  
YUKON  
*by* YUKON  
BILL :

# DERBY DAY *in the* YUKON



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Edmonton.

Nov. 1910

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Edmonton, 1933.



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DERBY DAY IN THE YUKON  
AND OTHER POEMS  
OF THE "NORTHLAND"

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THE MALAMUTE



*Derby Day  
in the Yukon  
and other Poems  
of the "Northland"  
by  
Yukon Bill*

*Mrs. Kate Simpson Hayes*

TORONTO  
THE MUSSON BOOK COMPANY  
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SO, go you, little broken Song,  
And carry to some heart in bitter pain  
Only my lute's light laughter; make thou  
strong  
The weak of heart, and bid them smile  
again!

THESE RHYMES  
OF THE NORTHLAND ARE AFFECTIONATELY  
INSCRIBED TO MY PARDS, B. AND B.,  
WHO HELPED ME TO CARRY MY  
PACK OVER LIFE'S TRAIL.

Y. B.

On the Trail, 1910.



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GREETING

∴

TO ROBERT W. SERVICE

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## GREETING

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**S**HAKE, Pard! I'm mighty proud o' you!  
(I'm know'd as "Yukon Bill");  
You blazed th' trail an' blazed it true; —  
Some o' my friends I see y' knew  
On old Che-cha-ko Hill;  
But say, old man, y' clean forgot my  
friend, "Swiftwater Bill!"

**Y**OU was a kid in pettic'uts  
When I went in, a man;  
Grub-stakin' with two other goats —  
We sow'd th' last of our wild oats  
An' th' new, clean life began;  
We was th' fu'st (an' p'raps th' wu'st) Five  
Fingers' Rapids ran.

GREETING (continued)

**I** STAKED out Eldorado crick  
Long 'fore th' world was told  
Them hills from Hunker to St. Mick  
Groaned f'r th' drill an' f'r th' pick,  
The'r bellies achin' GOLD!  
Where many a night th' moon pale white saw  
me in blankets rolled.

**A**T Magnet Gulch I lit my pipe ——  
Got drunk upon Gold Hill;  
I hoofed it cle'r t' Kokusquum ——  
'Twas ther' I lost my Siwash chum  
(She drowneded in a spill),  
An' Love an' Luck together went from pore  
old Yukon Bill!

**B**IG Skookum claim might a-bin mine,  
But fortune ther' I missed;  
For all I got a-though I sought ——  
I starved an' thirsted, dug an' fought,  
Was d—— plumbago schist!  
Ten years of toil, of muck an' spoil; then on  
th' "Failure list."

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DERBY DAY IN THE YUKON

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GREETING (concluded)

**L**ABARGE; th' Canyon; I was there;  
I clumb th' Glacier mound.  
I might a-bin a millionaire ——  
God! think of it, and see me — WHERE?  
A bum on Puget Sound! ——  
At night my roof th' open sky — my pillow  
th' cold ground.

**M**E for th' trail at seventy!  
I'm longin' f'r th' track:  
I'll try again — no, I'll not fail ——  
I hear them "Little Voices" wail:  
"Come back! come back! come back!"  
O, God! how Mem'ry knifes me now an'  
puts me on th' rack.

**Y**ES, yes — I failed! Yes, yes, a drink!  
An' then my pipe I'll fill.  
Boy, here's t' you — y'r picter's true  
Of them old sinners that I knew  
On old Che-cha-ko Hill;  
But say, old man, y' overlooked my friend,  
"Swiftwater Bill!"



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## DERBY DAY IN THE YUKON

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## DERBY DAY IN THE YUKON

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**T**ALK of England's Derby Race; of Kentucky's blue-grass chase;  
Epsom Downs an' Frisco "Tanforan" t'  
boot;  
I don't say they ain't done well, but I tell y'  
even h — ll  
Couldn't match th' Yukon racin' malamoot.

**H**OW them dogs they love th' Race! Y' kin  
see it in th' face  
Of th' starvin' scut that hangs aroun' th'  
claim;  
F'r he knows, like you an' me, that th' Derby  
Day'll be  
Th' big jag day — th' glad rag play, that  
brings th' Yukon fame.

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DERBY DAY IN THE YUKON

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DERBY DAY (continued)

**I**T was Fool's Day f'r th' Race; every husky  
in his place;  
Wasky's dogs was runnin' Billy Brown of  
Nome;  
But at th' Starter's line ranged up Jake Berger's  
Nine,  
Ten t' one THEY'D bring th' Derby money  
home!

**T**HOUSANDS hit th' trail that night; we  
was out t' see th' sight;  
Th' stakes, eleven-thousand-plunks in gold!  
Th' thermometer on strike — every bench-  
claim on th' hike ——  
An' them leaders b' th' leash y' couldn't  
hold.

**O**H, th' run was cruel hard — th' white frost  
how it scarred  
As they galloped down th' long, unending  
trail;  
The whip cut like th' wind, an' Carey's dog,  
snow-blind,  
Joined his howlin' t' th' screeches of th' gale.

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DERBY DAY IN THE YUKON

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DERBY DAY (continued)

**D**OWN where Candle's bonfires glow see th'  
    racin' huskies go,  
    All keen t' win — McCarthy's purp drops  
    dead —  
    He's thrown out upon th' track f'r th' lean  
    an' hungry pack  
    Of grey wolves follerin' th' flyin' sled.

**T**WO-an'-eighty hours they raced — an' four  
    hunderd-miles they paced,  
    Them dogs never paused f'r frozen fish 'r  
    drink;  
    Hung with icicles of foam, the'r lithe bodies  
    stretched whale-bone, —  
    BUT THEY BROKE THE RECORD MADE BY  
    JIMMIE FINK!

**C**URSED, an' kicked, an' whipped ahead, th'  
    dumb brutes, staggerin', bled  
    Where th' whip cut cruel in; but comes th'  
    feast  
    When at Nome t'morrow night there'll be  
    brawl an' drink, an' fight;  
    An' no tellin' which is man an' which is beast.

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DERBY DAY IN THE YUKON

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DERBY DAY (concluded)

**T**HEN th' dumb an' winded brute — th' blood-  
blinded malamoot,  
All frosted foam is gaspin' upon th' bar-room  
floor;  
He, the WINNER OF TH' RACE! in th' glory  
has no place;  
He's jes' a slinkin' malamoot when Derby  
Day is o'er!

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## THE MALAMUTE

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## THE MALAMUTE

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HI, there! Into your harness of thong!  
(Whip.) You get into your place;  
Give him the lash, Bill. Eh? What's wrong?  
See that look in the mal'mute's face: —  
Is it devilish cunning o'ermastering pain?  
Some lost soul reincarnate again,  
Running Sin's last race.

COME skulkin' into the camp last June,  
A leprous, mangy cur;  
Reasty and rotten — bayed at th' Moon  
As if you'd a grudge 'gainst her.  
All fester and soil — corruption and boil;  
Your evil face like some carved gargoye,  
And you refused to stir

THE MALAMUTE (continued)

THOUGH I broke th' lash on your back,  
You subjugated me: —  
You proved the master — I proved the hack,  
For, plainly I could see  
You'd been sent back to earth to work out  
y'r sin,  
And y' came straight t' me, a larrikin;  
An' why did you come to me?

WHAT were you There? Unregenerate thief,  
A derelict from your birth?  
Were you a church-going pharisee,  
That Belial of this earth?  
Was your lecherous, lutish, animal mind  
Drawn to me as one of your kind?  
Your grin betrays your mirth.

WELL, me an' you, Mal'mute, stand chums;  
We won't each other despise;  
The camp may call us a couple o' bums  
But we hold our own assize:  
We stand for Arbitration straight —  
An' mebbe' some day, at St. Peter's Gate  
We'll look in each other's eyes.



THE MALAMUTE (concluded)

AH, you leprous devil! you taught me how  
To fumigate my soul  
From wanton ways and dicing days,  
And lush of the flowing bowl:  
I'm steeped in guilt right up to the hilt,  
Worshipped in temples of Shame I've built,  
And Pleasure's been my goal,

BUT here with you in th' hinter-world  
Where there's nothing pure but snow,  
Some words long dumb t' my lips have come,  
A prayer that I used to know: —  
“OUR — FATHER!” — I wonder will HE re-  
fute  
A fellow that learns of a malamute  
T' take th' kick an' blow?

OH, down here below we may go th' pace,  
Loot, gut, palter, prey, maraud;  
But here or There comes settling day,  
For y' can't bamboozle God —  
He'll send us back, like you, mal'mute,  
Mangy an' whining — black with hell-soot —  
Say, Bill, did y' see him nod?



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## RED-JACKET

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RED JACKET, BULLY BOY HE IS

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## RED-JACKET

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**W**HERE it's eighty below zero, there you'll  
find the Northland hero,  
Red-Jacket; bully Boy he is — sure  
thing he fills the bill!  
In that trackless waste of snow, where  
the Northern Lights hang low,  
He is doing deeds of daring that would  
make your pulses thrill: —

**AN' WE'LL DRINK T' YOU, RED-JACKET;  
THE EQUATOR OF YOUR VEST  
BUNCHES ALL THE PRIDE AN' GLORY  
OF TH' WILD AN' WOOLLY WEST!**

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DERBY DAY IN THE YUKON

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RED-JACKET (continued)

**R**ED-JACKET does no askin', but he's  
ready for th' taskin'

When they sling him out his orders, with  
a hunk o' pemmican;

An' he'll travel day an' night after Red-  
man or bad white,

An' he'll go through hell-an'-blazes, BUT  
HE'LL NEVER MISS HIS MAN!

HE LAUGHS AT DEATH AN' DANGER,

FOR TH' CHIN-STRAP ON HIS JAW

IS TH' LINK THAT BINDS CREATION: —

BRITISH FAIR-PLAY, AN' TH'—LAW!

**T**HE spur hitched to his heel — at his hip  
th' gleam of steel, —

With his belly-band strapped tighter  
his hunger to forget,

He may drop upon th' track BUT YOU BET  
HE WON'T TURN BACK —

For it's duty, Duty, DUTY! That's Red-  
Jacket's am-u-let!

AN' IT'S "HI! YOU SKULKIN' HUSKY"!

O'ER TH' WINTRY, WIND-SWEPT GROUND,

THE DOG HIS LONE COMPANION —

AND THE SILENCE THAT IS SOUND!



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DERBY DAY IN THE YUKON

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RED-JACKET (concluded)

OH, the Arctic wilds are weary, and the  
Arctic nights are dreary;  
And Red-Jacket sometimes wonders  
why he's livin' th' wild life?  
Then he eyes th' British Flag; says:  
"GOD BLESS YOU, YOU OLD RAG!  
It's through courtin' YOU I've neither  
child nor wife"!

THEN A SHAMED AN' SILENT TEAR  
FALLS UPON THE ARCTIC SNOWS;  
AN' THE ANGUISH OF HIS HEART,  
GOD — AN' RED-JACKET, KNOWS!

NOW, you folks, don't get hard thinkin'  
when Red-Jacket starts a-drinkin',  
An' he busts th' Ten Commandments  
into five-an'-twenty bits;  
When he hears th' bugles sound, ain't he  
fu'st upon th' ground?  
An' don't his "powders" cure 'em of  
the'r hell-damnation fits?

SO WE'LL DRINK T' YOU, RED-JACKET!  
GOD'S BLESSIN' ON Y'R HEAD;  
YOU'RE TH' BRITISH CON-STI-TOO-SHUN  
BOUND IN YELLA' STRIPES, AN' RED!



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UP AGAINST IT

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## UP AGAINST IT

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**W**HEN y're up against it, don't get feelin'  
blue;  
Somewher' in this world of ours ther's a  
place f'r you.  
Y'r jes' a round peg in a squar', y' ain't th'  
proper fit;  
Keep turnin', twistin' every way — an'  
rise a little bit.

**I**F we'd all we wanted in this whirlin' globe  
we're on,  
W'y we'd all begin t' grouch — then begin t'  
yawn;  
We'd get dead sick o' summer without a tech  
o' frost,  
An' Ex-pe-ri-ence we got t' hev' regardless of  
th' cost.

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DERBY DAY IN THE YUKON

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UP AGAINST IT (concluded)

**O**H, th' smell o' fightin' powder, that's th'  
perfume f'r th' nose;  
Without th' thorn in hidin' who'd care t'  
pluck th' Rose?  
An' th' tears that wet y'r pillo' at night  
when y' go t' bed,  
They'll wash away y'r troubles — an' y'r  
sins, tho' ruby red.

**B**OY, when y'r up against it, get y'r back agin'  
a fence  
An' swing that good ol' we'pon we used t'  
call "horse sense":  
Pitch off y'r coat — go at it jes' like a fightin'  
man;  
Throw up y'r head — glad y' ain't dead —  
Then sluice y'r bench — an' pan!

**S**AY, when y'r up against it, don't get feelin'  
blue;  
Ther's room t' spare, ther's plenty air; ain't  
that enough f'r you?  
Every bed-rock wash-up ain't all gold t' th' pan,  
But life CAN'T be a "failure " if y' play th'  
game a MAN!

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HOW SLIPPERY PLAYED THE GAME

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NO, TH' STORY AIN'T NEVER BIN TOLD AFORE,  
AS I'M TH' ON'Y MAN SEED TH' GAME PLAYED ON  
TH' DANCE-HALL FLOOR. I WAS THER' WHEN THE  
FUN BEGAN. AN' WHAT I SEE I TELL YOU  
STRAIGHT — TELL IT AS MAN TO MAN.

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## HOW SLIPPERY PLAYED THE GAME

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“ LOST ag'in!” yelled Slippery Jim,  
    “ Never a mo'sel o' luck in m' life!  
    Yankee, you're on th' velvet agin!”  
    Says Yankee: “ Jim, let's play f'r a wife!  
    There's Bonanza Pearl, she's sweet on  
        you; —  
    Fairer ' card ' no gambler ever drew!”

SLIPPERY JIM staked high that night,  
    The game was poker, — rake -in keeps —  
    Yankee Pete hilarious, ready t' fight —  
    Rakin' th' gold-dust up in heaps.  
    Jim's last poke throw'd on th' table, so;  
    “ It's my last ounce, boys! Well, let 'er  
        go!”

SLIPPERY JIM (continued)

**H**E had staked the dance-hall — staked the bar —

Then, reckless, staked the "Wonder" mine,  
Known on Bonanza near an' far

As the lucky strike of Eighty-nine.

Jim had played it all — an' lost! The sweat  
Come when he gasps: "It's my last —  
bet!"

"**Y**OU'VE got Pearl left," grins Yankee Pete,  
"Don't funk now, Jim: make her th'  
stake."

With a howl of hate Jim was on his feet ——

But a voice rings out: "THAT BET WE'LL  
TAKE!"

And Bonanza Pearl steps up t' me,

"You'll see this game played square!"  
says she.

**S**AYS Yank. "I stake my all 'gainst th' Girl."  
(Then I see th' flame le'p in his eyes)

"An' if I win you, Bonanza Pearl,

Your soul an' body no man denies

B'longs t' me!" He stacked his gold,

As a groan from Jim his agony told.

SLIPPERY JIM (continued)

NOW, Jim was a MAN. He funk'd no  
game; —

Says he: "I'll stake blood, bone an' life,  
But I'll put no woman to th' shame  
Of bein' played 'a chip' in tin-horn strife!"  
But Bonanza, she steps up t' him  
An' she says: "Y' COULDN'T LOSE ME,  
JIM!"

"COME," says Bonanza, "Turn up th' pack";  
She skinned the bunch with a laughin'  
eye;

I gets close up ahind Jim's back  
Ready t' let th' bullets fly.  
Th' two men playin' a round 'r so,  
An' the luck agin' Slippery seem'd t' go.

"STRAIGHT flush o' di'monds — Ace at th'  
head;"

In a whirlwind play Yank takes the pot.  
Slippery's eyes was now blood-red —  
His lips crack'd dry — his breath comin'  
hot;  
The last deal ended the game, I saw  
'Twas Yankee Pete's first play — an' draw.

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DERBY DAY IN THE YUKON

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SLIPPERY JIM (continued)

JIM'S hand? cripes! 'Twas a reg'lar prize;  
Luck had turned — he had aces t' burn!  
But he sot there starin' with bloodshot eyes,  
An' what I saw then gev' ME quite a turn —  
F'r th' devil's own luck was at his heel,  
He'd an EXTRA CARD — 'twas a clear  
MISDEAL!

I LET my hand t' th' trigger go —  
Jim's throat gev' a sickish kind o' laugh;  
An' he says: "I'm dry as h — ll, so,  
W'ot d'ye say to a shandy-gaff?  
An'," says Jim, "I'll hev' a bite t' eat;  
Pearl, fetch me a sangwich o' bread an'  
meat"!

I FELT like shootin' that gol-durn Jim,  
Losin' th' game with a stake like that;  
Wanted t' up an' lambaste him  
Chawin' of meat like a hungry cat:  
When, all at onct, sort o' swallerin' hard,  
I PERCEIVES JIM EATIN' THAT EXTRA CARD!

SLIPPERY JIM (concluded)

“**L**OCOED!” yelled Yankee, quittin’ th’ game,  
    Handin’ over th’ stakes. But Slippery  
    Jim  
    Hunchin’ up of his powerful frame  
    Giv’ a kind of a grin o’ hate at him.  
“D——n y’r gold!” he says, “Slippery  
    Jim to-night  
    Will begin t’ live like a man born  
    white!”

**N**OW, perhaps you’d say the game warn’t  
    square ——  
    An’ some might call it a bunko trick;  
    But if you loved a ga’l an’ she stood there,  
    Wouldn’t y’ swap souls with old Nick  
    Rather’n let her go t’ Yankee Pete  
    An’ play her game on Bonanza street?

NO, TH’ STORY AIN’T NEVER BIN TOLD AFORE.  
I SAW IT FINISHED — SAW IT BEGAN. SAW IT  
PLAY’D OUT ON TH’ DANCE-HALL FLOOR. IT’S  
BETWIXT US, MAN T’ MAN!



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## HEROES

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## HEROES

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**I**F ye run up ag'in Carnegie, I'd kind o' thankful  
be

If he gets a-talkin' of heroes, you'd ring in  
Sandy McPhee.

**N**OW, Mac don't want no medals — he ain't  
th' braggin' set;

But what he done back in eighty-one, he's  
livin' t' tell; you bet!

**W**E was trekin' th' trail t' Forty-Mile; sleep-  
in' in snow-b'ilt caves,

An' the great White Trail we hoofed it on  
was milestoned jest by graves.

**M**AC shot on ahead with his dog — itchin' t'  
make his pile;

Carried his grub-stake on his back. Got  
there? I should smile!

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DERBY DAY IN THE YUKON

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HEROES (continued)

**B**UT th' blizzard struck him; th'r he was, him  
an' his dog alone ——

A week passed by — then his grub give out;  
but he never made no moan.

**H**IS husky died an' he e't his guts; tho't his  
brain 'ud go ——

Then he 'member'd his wife an' kids at home.  
Who'd hoe their row ?

**B**OTH feet fruz cle'r int' th' bone! Says he  
“ Fac's is fac's ”; —

Gangrene sot in — black t' th' knees. Then  
he ups an' eyes his axe: —

**“ I AIN'T,”** says he, “no great M.D., but I  
kinder calcalate

To meet this here e-mergency as was sent  
b' a unkind Fate.”

**S**O he humped hisself up ag'in a rock in a little  
bunch o' trees,

A couple o' hacks with that there axe, an' off  
went his laigs at th' knees!

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DERBY DAY IN THE YUKON

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HEROES (concluded)

**A**ND he stumped it int' Forty-Mile! What's  
that? It ain't true?

It's hard t' b'leeve, I kin onderstand, b' a  
white-livered skunk like YOU!

**B**UT, if old Skibo is huntin' a hero, ther's  
somethin' in my mind

Says that, if he don't see McPhee, HE MUST  
BE GOL-DURN'D BLIND!



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## LOWER-FLAT ANNALS

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## LOWER-FLAT ANNALS

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**W**HEN we lived in Lower-Flat us folks know'd  
where we was at;  
But them Eastern folks come, puttin' on  
great style:  
Us Old-Timers, we all said we was better  
we was dead,  
F'r th' way they talked an' acted, raised our  
bile.

**T**HEY interduced new dances — thing-a-me-  
bobs called — “ Lance's ” ——  
Where they traipsed up an' down upon th'  
floor,  
A-bowin' and a'scrapin' (lords an' ladies  
they was apin'),  
Th' Red River Jig ? 'Twa'n't never danced  
no more !

LOWER-FLAT ANNALS (continued)

**S**NIFFED at bannock — sniffed at bacon;  
then, dried apples, they was taken;  
An' that good old dish "plum-duff" went out  
th' door;  
Then "part singin'" in th' church — "A  
Choir" up in a perch —  
And a "Tenner" frum th' city. Say, y'  
should a-heard HIM roar!

**T**HEN the pretty little crea'cher, boardin'  
'round, th' country Teacher;  
(Her we fought about f'r dances in th' barn)  
SHE went out o' date; a "perfesser" come  
t' prate  
About ologies an' colleges; things childern  
COULDN'T larn.

**T**HEN they started "makin' calls," ketched  
Pa in his over-alls;  
But he met 'em with a "How'dy!" at th' door;  
The place was in a clutter — Ma, she was  
churnin' butter,  
An' Pa fetch'd 'em in th' kitchen, an' they  
didn't "call" no more.



LOWER-FLAT ANNALS (continued)

**T**HAT was Mrs. Mumble-Mumps. Say, she  
DID put on humps ;  
Took her daughter Gwendolina t' furrin lan's,  
An' they say paid out shin-plasters t' one o'  
them Old Masters  
F'r t' make a bust of Gwendolina's hands!

**G**ONE was th' good old days, and gone th'  
good old ways  
When an invitation meant th' fambly all;  
When th' little an' th' big would crowd into  
th' rig,  
An' th' fiddle livened up th' Chris'mus Ball.

**I**T was "Welkim, welkim, Boys !" Lots of  
laughin', lots of noise;  
With the babies piled like cordwood on th'  
floor;  
Boys an' girls all dancin' — old folks too got  
prancin' ——  
An' th' supper ? Say, we'd eat until we couldn't  
hold no more.

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DERBY DAY IN THE YUKON

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LOWER-FLAT ANNALS (continued)

**B**UT them Eastern folks fetched "Style";  
changed all that in a while;  
Printed tickets told th' folks they was "to-  
home";  
Served the supper frum "a buffey," an' they  
acted kind o' huffy  
When our childern round the parler used t'  
roam.

**H**OUSE was full of bricky-brack; china tea-  
pot with a crack, —  
An' they sort o' boasted of it; set it out t'  
common view;  
Talked about the'r "Fambly Tree" — good  
land! why, they know'd that we  
Had ninety acres of 'em — scrub-oak bluff  
— an' poplars too!

**T**HEN Miss Mary Ellen Jones (her that come  
from Pile-o'-Bones)  
Lived in nothin' but a mud-shack all her life,  
She got puttin' on some airs, an' her nose  
jes' said, "Who cares?"  
And th' District Member picked HER f'r a wife.

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DERBY DAY IN THE YUKON

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LOWER-FLAT ANNALS (continued)

**S**HE did cut a silly caper: had her envelopes  
an' paper  
Painted with a little brand in blue sot up on  
top;  
When th' Flat laugh'd, I'll be blest! she said,  
"It's Poppa's crest"!  
Well! Providence, that year, hailed out their  
crop.

**B**UT Mary Ellen's fall come when they gave  
th' weddin'-ball;  
Invited all th' stylish folks — gave us th'  
glassy eye ;  
But says Pa, "Th' next election we'll bust  
th' damn connection,  
F'r th' District Member goes out on th' fly!"

**H**E he'er'd that. He wanted votes. So them  
stylish printed notes  
Come trailin' in t' us who'd been rejected;  
But Mary Ellen said (underlined in ink bright  
red),  
"PLEASE UNDERSTAND NO CHILDREN IS EX-  
PECTED"!

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DERBY DAY IN THE YUKON

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LOWER-FLAT ANNALS (concluded)

**T**HAT joke went far an' wide, us folks laugh'd  
ontil we cried;  
But Retribution it was on th' District Mem-  
ber's shins,  
F'r that sassy little bride who behaved so  
very snide,  
Inside a year perduced a pair of TWINS!

**S**INCE that time we get on better. Mary  
Ellen wrote a letter  
T' th' weekly paper, statin' "District Member  
liked our ways";  
Yes, Lower Flat's grow'd quite a place, runnin'  
other towns a race;  
But ther' ain't th' fun we had them good old  
days!

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## THE TRAIL

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## THE TRAIL

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**I**T measures the boundless distance,  
Led by wild ways that run  
Hither and thither in chase of the Winds  
That worship the Northern Sun:  
The Trail! which, never ending, was never  
yet begun.

**I**N the dip of the far horizon  
Trembles the Morning Star;  
To the heights of the fathomless ether  
Nor lock, nor bolt, nor bar;  
The Trail! God's finger beckoning to the new  
Home afar.

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DERBY DAY IN THE YUKON

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THE TRAIL (continued)

NO sound in that void of Silence  
Save call of bird to its mate,  
Or cry of the lone coyote  
At the bars of hunger's gate;  
And the heart is drawn by the wond'rous  
dawn, or some mysterious Fate.

THE Trail hath a storied splendor:  
Tepee and Indian Mound;  
Where the glory of God is chanted  
By no sacrilegious sound;  
Where the dumb brute bays HIS praise  
through Nights profound!

HERE the haunts of men are bounden  
By the links of Custom's chain;  
There you find embosomed freedom  
In the heart's exquisite pain,  
And thereafter will be heard the cry, "O,  
give me the wilds again!"



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DERBY DAY IN THE YUKON

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THE TRAIL (concluded)

**T**HE Trail hath no languorous longing;  
It leads to no Lotus land;  
On its way dead Hopes come thronging  
To take you by the hand;  
He who treads the Trail undaunted, thereafter  
shall command!





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## THE KING OF THE KLONDIKE

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## THE KING OF THE KLONDIKE

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**WE** called him the King of the Klondike; but  
He really was "Mac."  
He walked int' Dawson in tatters an' rags,  
His frozen feet tied in a pair of ol' bags,  
An' perceeded t' go on a couple of jags;  
Pack on his back.

**HE** worked empty-bellied f'r many a day,  
Pore old Mac!  
Stuck tight t' his diggin as if it was play;  
With a good game of poker 'till daylight he'd  
stay ——  
An' a gun he could han'le. I also might say  
He would crack

THE KING OF THE KLONDIKE (continued)

A FINE joke. But he never was known  
Wasn't Mac.

T' refuse man 'r dog a crust 'r a bone.  
He kep' t' hisself; perferred livin' alone ——  
An' ther' was a sort o' respectable tone  
'Bout his shack.

HE said of them "girls" that defied Law an'  
ban,  
(Humpin' his back):  
"Pore kids! fetched low b' some skunk of  
a man ——  
Boys, give 'em a hand-up whenever y' can;"  
(On the'r 'count Soapy Smith out of Dawson  
he ran  
With Black Jack!)

HE lived like a prince and he spent like a  
king,  
Did old Mac.  
Whatever he said 'r he did had th' ring  
Of pure gold; but one day in th' spring  
Struck a vein in th' rock that made us all sing,  
" 'Rah f'r Mac! "

THE KING OF THE KLONDIKE (continued)

**B**UT th' fortin' he made was th' fortin' he spent  
In a crack.

Paid all he owed t' th' very las' cent ——

Then, off on a h—— of a spree we all  
went ——

An' th' gold? why, he wasted it, gev' it an' lent  
B' th' sack.

**N**EX' mornin' he woke up as pore as a mouse,  
Boozier Mac.

Another chap, who had th' heart of a louse,  
Would a-blow'd off his head 'r burnt down  
th' house,

'R int' th' river a-taken a souse,  
Things goin' slack.

**B**UT he stuck t' th' diggin' like hound t' th'  
trail,  
Worn ol' Mac.

Jes' like an ol' farmer a-swingin' his flail,

Jes' like ol' Abe Linco'n a-splittin' his rail;

D'ye think a MAN like him c'd ever spell  
f-a-i-l,

'R fall back?

THE KING OF THE KLONDIKE (continued)

**N**O, Sir! He worked till he struck a new vein,  
Brave ol' Mac!  
This time he held tight th' "millionaire" rein;  
Swore as he'd never be foolish again;  
Then he got drunk. I tell it with pain, —  
Scooted back

**E**AST. An' I read in them Papers one day,  
Klondike Mac  
Had gone t' them "diggin's" anunder th' clay;  
An' he was a pauper ag'in! Talk of Play —  
"Life's jes' a stage!" as Spokshare mought  
say;  
That's a fac'!

**M**OST of 'em Kings as I've heer'd on went bust,  
Jes' like Mac.  
None of 'em carries the'r crowns int'  
dust; —  
They sport 'roun' a while, but die they all  
must; —  
An' I don't know as one of th' king-bunch  
I'd trust,  
Lookin' back,



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DERBY DAY IN THE YUKON

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THE KING OF THE KLONDIKE (concluded)

**L**IKE th' King of th' Klon! Him we knew  
As ol' Mac.  
Rulers like him y'll find ther's d——n few;  
Ther's lots of 'em sportin' a Crown ain't true  
blue.  
But Mac? he was royal — a King through  
an' through,  
An' no "Jack"!

**U**P No'th they'll 'member him an' things he  
done  
Way back.  
We won't give his Crown t' no Son-of-  
a-gun;  
Ther's no entail on Kings t'other side of th'  
sun,  
An' pre-ce-dence ther' will go, ten t' one,  
T' King Mac!



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## GHOSTS

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## GHOSTS

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**D**EEP lies the snow on the white, white plain,  
And frosted the fretwork on window-  
pane.

**T**HE Storm King has laid his icy clasp  
On th' lock o' th' Year: 'tis an iron hasp.

**T**HE camp fire gleams, and its ruddy glow  
Throws shadows quaint on the drifting  
snow;

**M**Y heart leaps up, for I see a form  
That makes the blood in my veins run  
warm:

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DERBY DAY IN THE YUKON

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GHOSTS (continued)

A WOMAN is standing beside my bed,  
And these are the words, I swear, she  
said: —

“YOU MAY WANDER AFAR; BUT, GO WHERE  
YOU WILL,  
THE GHOSTS OF THE PAST WILL FOLLOW  
YOU STILL!”

A NOTHER comes — a girl-face, worn,  
And of every good resolution shorn, —

SHE utters no word; but her eyes of blue  
Are burning, piercing me through and  
through!

YET another comes and takes Her place —  
I close my eyes lest I see HER face —

FOR the flush of youth on the girlish brow  
Is lost in the wanton woman now —

GHOSTS (concluded)

**A**ND I was to blame! God, let me forget!  
And I wipe away the beads of sweat

**T**HAT lie on my brow like blood-red rain ——  
And I try to pray — but words are vain; —

**F**OR I know that the ghosts of my sins are here  
To mock me at this, the end o' th' Year!





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## AN ANGEL

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## AN ANGEL

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**T**H' angils ain't all up in Heaven.  
Not by a long shot. Say,  
Ther's angils a-livin' an' breathin'  
Right here in th' camp to-day.  
An' th' crown of one, I kin tell ye  
Is on'y a tangle of hair,  
But the halo that lingers around it  
Is brighter than any up There.  
One of her laigs goes a-limpin',  
Her langwige ain't grammar of books,  
An' she ain't airned th' title " A Angil "  
Along of her beauty of looks;  
'Nless y' saw her as I did ——  
'Nless y' saw her, like me,  
Le'p int' hell-flame f'r t' rescue  
Th' baby of drunken Magee.

AN ANGEL (continued)

MAGEE in th' cellar was hootchin';  
Th' gal was a-sloppin' at chores,  
Washin' bottles an' kegs f'r th' bar-man,  
Slingin' cocktails ahind th' baize-doors.  
Of a suddent a wild cry of "F-i-r-e," come  
With a lick o' th' flame, left an' right;  
The boozers they scooted f'r safety  
An' th' baby was left in th' fright.  
One wild cry above th' fierce cracklin' ——  
A yell of despair in the din:  
"My BABY ! O, GOD, SEND AN ANGEL !"  
He did. And the Angel went in  
While us men stood a-shakin' an' shame-  
faced;  
The manhood in us not quite dead ——  
We was drunk —— dazed with horror an'  
whisky  
'R we'd foller'd th' gal where she led  
Into that hell-gate of red flame ——  
Int' th' whirl of th' fire;  
And we all held our bre'th, knowin' well it  
was death  
Come a-nigher an' nigher.

## AN ANGEL (continued)

**B**UT no! What we all saw a-comin'  
Was th' Angil of Life: — at her breast  
That damn kid of Magee's snug an' snorin',  
As if in th' cradle at rest.  
But th' gal? Her face out of resemblance  
T' anythin' human, you'd say,  
She come staggerin', gaspin' an' blinded —  
(Us men turned our faces away);  
Then, "Lame Mary!" we busted a-shoutin',  
Goin' mad f'r a minit with joy;  
Magee, he was dancin' a hornpipe  
An' his Missis was huggin' th' Boy.  
But the gal as I christen'd "A Angil"  
We was shoutin' her name somethin'  
wild —  
Swings 'roun' on her game foot,  
Says: "Shet up, y' galoot,  
An' don't be f'r wakin' th' child!"

**Y**OU bet she was game, was th' Angil: —  
Tho' she wasn't f'r playin' no harps,  
Sittin' on a damp cloud a-slingin' th' crowd,  
A-thumpin' th' flats an' th' sharps;

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DERBY DAY IN THE YUKON

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AN ANGEL (concluded)

SHE WAS STRAIGHT ON HER JOB, was th'  
angil;

Wantin' nothin' down here but her share;  
An' my biler 'ud bust if I thought any  
"Trust"

Side-tracked my Angil up — There!

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**BILLY BIRD'S CELEBRATION**

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## BILLY BIRD'S CELEBRATION

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**B**ILLY BIRD was know'd as a bar-room bum;  
Be'n a trader out on th' plains;  
Be'n a timber rafter, a fourth-ward grafter,  
Hadn't no consunce, hadn't no brains;  
But was well perserv'd in Rum.

**H**E hailed from Mi-sou-ri 'r Michi-gan;  
Was cook in a lumber camp;  
Run a Wild West show, then turn'd hobo,  
Was an all-roun' fu'st class tramp; —  
'N y' couldn't call him a "man."

**H**E'D b'en kicked an' cussed like a mongrel  
pup,  
An' a cock-fight was his creed;  
An' eye out o' joint was another bad point,  
But with th' one left he see'd  
Far enough t' hit th' cup!

BILLY BIRD (continued)

**H**E'D th' wanderin' itch in his lazy heels  
    (With th' luck that comes t' sich);  
    F'r one day, dead drunk, that mis'ble skunk  
    Struck a vein that made him rich.  
    Y' sh'd hear Billy Bird's squeals: —

“ **I**'M richer'n Creesus! ” (this he howled);  
    “ I've th' biggest strike aroun';  
    I'm a reg'lar gent! ” (Here his bre'th was  
        spent  
    An' he tumbles upon th' groun');  
    B' his luck Billy Bird got fouled.

**C**LUMB up on a kag t' make a speech.  
    Says he: “ I'm th' Turrible Turk!  
    I'm a millionaire, an' I'll curl th' hair  
    Of th' man says I need work!  
    Me? I'm a rainbow out of reach!

“ **I**'M off t' Noo York t' get int' th' swirl;  
    Tip them waiters ten-dollar bills;  
    I'm a millionaire! Don't I wear th' air  
    That goes with th' pace that kills?  
    An' I'm goin' t' pick my Girl!

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DERBY DAY IN THE YUKON

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BILLY BIRD (continued)

“ I’LL buy her di’mon’s t’ blaze her front,  
An’ th’ best champagne we’ll spill;  
An’ I’ll murder th’ man as says what he can  
See I ain’t no gent! Me, Bill!  
An’ I tell y’ that’s MY stunt!

“ I’LL buy a floor in th’ big ho-tel;  
I’ll dazzle th’ chamber-maids;  
Fifth Avenoo style in my auto-mo-bile  
I’ll speed her up with my jades;  
I’ll show ’em a Yukon swell!

“ I’LL dine on snakes fried in burnin’ oil,  
An’ dance till th’ cows come home;  
As an aftermath take a champagne bath  
An’ shampoo with a curry-comb;  
All done up accordin’ t’ Hoyle.

“ THEN I’ll hike t’ bed with a great, big,  
head, —  
Yellin’: ‘CALL WHEN THE CLOCK HITS  
FOUR!’  
An’ I’ll wait with a grin till th’ ‘call’  
comes in,  
An’ Brass Buttons knocks at th’ door,  
An’ he thinks I’m sleepin’ dead!

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DERBY DAY IN THE YUKON

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BILLY BIRD (concluded)

“**B**RASS BUTTONS ‘tap, tap, tap’ on th’  
door:—

‘Millionaire, it is four A. M.!’

An’ I’ll bust that door with a Yukon roar:

Howlin: ‘Say! d’ye know WHO I  
AM?’

An’ I’ll rouse ’em on every floor!

“**W**’EN th’ house comes runnin’ up I’ll  
yell:—

‘WOW! I’m a millionaire!

I DON’T HEV’ T’ GET UP, y’ blankety Pup!’

An’ the’r eyes stickin’ out ’ll stare,  
While I send ’em plumb t’ h——ll!”

\* \* \* \*

P. S. — BILLY BIRD, MILLIONAIRE, REACHED  
WINNIPEG,

WHERE PEROXIDE BLONDES PULLED  
BILLY BIRD’S LEG.

YOU’LL FIND HIM TO-DAY IN A YUKON  
S’LOON

SLUSHIN’ BEER TO TH’ SAME OLD  
PLAYED-OUT TUNE:—

“O! THEM GURLS THEY PULLED MY LAIG!”

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## INVITATION

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## INVITATION

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I BRING you a prairie greeting  
Crested with sunlight sheen,  
A picture of mountains rising  
To snow-capped heights of green;  
A call from the happy home-land  
Where human hearts beat warm,  
Where western corn-fields beckon  
And shelter from life's storm.

LONDON, thy heart of riches  
Hath the pulse-beat of unrest,  
Where the many know no shelter,  
Where the babe weeps at the breast  
All bared to the winter shiver,  
Where the hearth-fire, cold and dead,  
Is darkened by the shadow  
And Shapes of the underfed.

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DERBY DAY IN THE YUKON

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INVITATION (concluded)

**O**H, the hopeless, heavy-burdened  
Bearers of woe and pain, —  
Mere human stones in the highway  
Of London's greed and gain.  
There weeps the child whom sadness  
And want have made their own;  
There weeps the old, whom gladness  
Is a stranger, and unknown.

**O**H, come to the land of Plenty  
Where the gates swing open, wide;  
Where all mankind stand equal —  
Where toil is a boast — a pride:  
Where the silken palm clasps the horny hand  
When the long day's work is done,  
Where new life is born in the growing corn  
In the land of the Setting Sun.

NOTE. — Written in January, 1907, after seeing 700 men and women fed by Charity on the Thames embankment as "Big Ben" struck ONE A. M.



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JIM

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WHEN I MET WITH JIM ALONG THE DAWSON TRAIL

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## JIM

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'T'WAS th' days of th' stampede — I was of  
th' hobo breed —  
When I met with Jim along th' Dawson  
trail;  
F'r Bonanza I was strikin'; an' Jim? well,  
he was hikin'  
Along th road t' Anywhere — Jerusalam  
or jail.

SEEMED t' me how all th' people had got  
sour'd in his steeple,  
But for wimmin most of all he'd bitter  
thoughts;  
But we got on quite congenial, him a gen'le-  
man — me menial,  
And I got t' kind of likin' Jim — in spots!

JIM (continued)

**B**UT he wouldn't stick t' minin'. He was  
always drunk an' whinin';  
An' th' boys was glad the day he quit th'  
camp;  
Next I see him with th' crowd down at Daw-  
son, an' I 'lowed  
I never see a bigger, low-down scamp.

**W**AS he single? Was he marri'd? Idunno',  
but sure he carried  
A little bit of locket on his breast,  
And onct I see him open it — but that was  
in a dopin' fit —  
An' I laugh'd t' see Jim's mouth ag'in it  
pressed!

**B**UT a fella' will act loony when he's full an'  
feelin' spoony,  
Howsumever, Jim an' me went differ'nt  
ways;  
Me an' th' boys with pans a-washin' cricks  
on old Bonanza,  
An' when I met with Jim ag'in 'twas after  
many days.

JIM (continued)

**B**AD hootch an' rotten food fetched th' scurvy  
quick an' good,  
An' tho' I'd made my millions it didn't  
help me out;  
I was side-tracked by th' fever, in th' hands of  
God's Receiver,  
An' th' sexton he most had me b' th' snout!

**B**UT them dandy little Sisters, them as cooked  
us with the'r blisters,  
Made us swaller swill we hated "'cos  
th' Doctor said 'twas good";  
One I liked called "Sister Mary" — she was  
tiny as a Fairy —  
'Twas a sin to hide her beauty anunder a  
black hood.

**H**ER face, tho' never smilin', had a look that  
was beguillin';  
Her blue eyes they would wander far  
away,  
Jes' as if her heart was crawlin' to some  
Voice as was a-callin':  
"MARY, LITTLE MARY!" night an' day.

JIM (continued)

**T**HIS was my fool-brain a-ravin'; I couldn't  
be behavin'

For th' fever to my guts was eatin' in;  
But her hand upon th' pillo' was like foam  
upon th' billo',  
When she spoke t' us of One who pardon'd  
sin.

**L**ORD, how th' fever got 'em! Lord, how th'  
Doctors fought 'em!

How them Sisters stood th' racket night  
an' day:

Talk of Angils? Up in heaven don't believe  
as you'd find Seven

Could beat them a-makin' plasters, or beat  
'em on the Pray!

**W**ELL, one mornin' when I waken I see th'  
next bed taken

By a feller, as was ravin' like a loon;  
Sich a face! All hair an' blotches (th'  
kind th' fever scotches) ——

An' I says, says I: "His Nibs'll ketch  
you soon!"



JIM (continued)

**I**F they'd fine-tooth-combed creation f'r my  
personal elation

To rake in a friend an' leave him lyin' there,  
Why, they couldn't a-done better with a  
Dawson lawyer's letter,  
F'r'twas JIM beneath th' blotches an'th' hair!

**H**E was ravin', he was mutterin'; he was  
swearin', he was stutterin';

Sister Mary trippin' round him like a  
little drift o' snow,  
An' she hovered as a dove might with flut-  
terin' wings of white light,  
So softly that you'd wonder did she come  
or did she go?

**O**NE night, I wasn't sleepin' — Sister Mary  
night watch keepin',

Jim, weak as a babby, lyin' there upon  
th' bed,

Says: "Sister, — you remind me — of a  
— Girl — I left behind me" —

She gev' a little shiver, sayin': "HSH!  
THAT — GIRL IS — DEAD!"

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DERBY DAY IN THE YUKON

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JIM (continued)

**T**HEN I he'erd old Jim a-gaspin' — her han's  
his han's was claspin',  
Callin' "MARY, Oh, God, MARY!" eyes  
a-bulgin' in his head;  
She was lookin' down at him, but she on'y  
whisper'd "J—im!"  
But her face was like the face of some  
one dead.

**T**HE'R han's was locked a minute — ther'  
wasn't no wrong in it ——  
They spoke no words, but eyes looked  
into eyes ——  
Then, without a word of talkin' she went,  
like one sleep-walkin',  
An' I he'erd Jim groanin' tur'ble 'twixt  
his sighs.

**B**UT nex' mornin' little Sister hikes along  
with a big blister,  
Jest as dinky an' as smilin' as before;  
But Jim? he lay there blinkin', I guess HE  
was a-thinkin'  
How them little fingers trimbled takin'  
down his fever score.

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DERBY DAY IN THE YUKON

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JIM (concluded)

DOC. said old Jim was dyin'. That night I  
he'erd him sighin',  
An' he up an' says: " Say, Pard, when  
I'm — at rest —  
Will you see this — little locket — goes with  
me — in the pocket  
Of the heart that's lyin' broken — in my  
breast? "

AND if you're no doubtin' Thomas you'll  
believe I kep' that promise;  
And the Face inside the locket, HUMAN  
EYE SHALL NEVER SEE;  
P'raps it was, or wasn't Sister, her we called  
" Saint Mustard Blister,"  
When she pumped th' pills an' quinine int'  
pore old Jim an' me!



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**TALE OF THE CHE-CHA-KO**

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## TALE OF THE CHE-CHA-KO

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CHE-CHA-KO arrived from London Town  
Wearing a sort of superior frown ;  
Registered, " Bellingham-Bolingbroke-  
Browyne "  
(Hyphenating himself in the middle).  
He carried of " boxes " just twenty-four,  
Voted the country " A beastly boah " ;  
Laughed at the " shops," which he roundly  
swore  
" Weren't worth a Ta-ra-diddle! "

HE purchased of farm lands some sections six,  
Said: " With those common fawmahs I  
shan't mix! "  
Then he started in with his La-de-dah tricks  
And built him a " Countwy Seat."  
Now, a " country seat " in this western land  
Is top rail of a fence, or a pile of sand,  
But Che-cha-ko's daily, diurnal demand  
Was, " The best people I must meet."

TALE OF THE CHE-CHA-KO (continued)

THEY met him half way, for they cleaned him  
out,  
Drank his "extra dry" every ball and rout;  
His poor working-man neighbour he called  
"a lout,"  
And laughed at the "countwy daunce."  
His amazement was great to learn we  
"digged wells";  
Said, "We don't do it around Bow Bells";  
And, describing the life of the London swells,  
Sighed: "Pore devils! you haven't a  
chaunce!"

HE played "Gentleman Fawmah" a year or  
two,  
His cash was all spent (his friends went too)  
And then he wanted to "borrow a few  
Pounds" from his own hired man.  
But the rough fellow said, "My London Cock,  
When you learn to work, quit your bally  
talk,  
You'll float your Ship-of-State off th' rock!"  
(And he winked, did the hired man.)



TALE OF THE CHE-CHA-KO (continued)

HE considered the matter, did B. B. Browyne,  
Quit every reference to "Deah London  
Town,"

And his neighbour, "the Lout," why, he  
came right down

And did what we all expected:

Lent B. B. seed-grain for his season's crop;—  
Said: "Hang on, m' Boy, y'll come out  
on top."

He did. The Che-cha-ko never cried "stop"  
Till for parliament he was elected!

SO down at Ottawa now he sits  
Where he spits and smokes, and smokes  
and spits;

In government circles he splendidly fits,

And he's known as "Bully Boy Brown"!

For he was a man that took his chance —

He got right down to his Song-and-  
Dance —

Let out "London Pride" with his workman's  
lance,

Tried the smile instead of the frown.

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DERBY DAY IN THE YUKON

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TALE OF THE CHE-CHA-KO (concluded)

FOR the "Browyne" who would win out in  
the west  
Is the Brown with common sense that's  
blest;  
Leaves "Grandpa" at home with the Family  
crest,  
Puts hand to the plow; and then ——  
Follows the furrow as straight as a die,  
Stout heart, steady hand, with a watchful  
eye;  
He'll come to his own, and I'll tell you  
why: ——  
The west is calling for MEN!

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**ST. BONIFACE FIRE BRIGADE**

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## ST. BONIFACE FIRE BRIGADE

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**W**'EN you come wes' from de oder place  
An' you want sometings for see;  
Jus' come an' see St. Boniface  
An' I show you sometings, me: —  
Dar's de Mission Church dat W'ttier  
sing —  
"Turrets twain," wher' de peoples  
prayed;  
But dar's sometings we got better still —  
Da's St. Boniface Fire Brigade!

**D**A'S a g-rea-t Brigade; — has mans tree,  
four —  
Married mans wit be-eg fam-i-lee;  
Champeau, Dorien, petite Lafleur,  
An' Jean Perriault (da's ME).  
Us mans we work like h——ll all day  
Wit de saw, de hammer an' de spade,  
But by gar, w'en de fire-bell she goes "ring,"  
Da's de t'am we don't was 'fraid.

ST. BONIFACE FIRE BRIGADE (continued)

**Y**OU hear dat ting 'bout d' beeg oil-house;  
Tree hundre' bar'ls cotch de fire?  
De smoke, mon Dieu! wit de flame go hup  
To de top of de be-eg church-spire; —  
Lafleur's femme, she take de fit hon de  
floor —  
Ma femme, she scre-ee-ch, "Saint  
Marie!"  
Hevery one yell — dat place look like he—ll,  
Ontil Dorien, Champeau, an' ME —

**W**E fill hup de tank in de Red Rivaire —  
Sacre! how de mans per—s—pire;  
De peoples go cra—ss—y; Winnipeg  
despaire;  
An' de bells dey ring, "F-i-r-e! —  
F-i-r-e."  
W'at you t'ink happens? You nevaire  
don't guess —  
Notings like dat happens sence; —  
De horse runs away — de hose it go  
burs' —  
But we save de dog-poun' fence!

ST. BONIFACE FIRE BRIGADE (concluded)

**Y**OU hear w'at 'appens once in de place?  
W'en d' King's son he come Wes',  
All d' womans dress hup, wash d' baby face;  
An' d' mans put hon he's bes'.  
Winni-peg bow down t' George d' Prince;—  
Put d' soldier-mans hon parade;  
But de Prince, he sick of d' whole dam' show,  
Hask: "WHER' ST. BONIFACE FIRE BRI-  
GADE?"

**Y**—AS, an' w'en d' heartquake shake Frisco,  
"Hend of d' worl'!" some sa-aid;  
I send telegraff (cos' me tree dollaire),  
"You like have my Fire Brigade?"  
Hon d' las' Election, in d' Town-Hall  
Laurier sp'ik; He sa—aid:—  
Gentilhomme! if — you — want — put — dat  
— bad — Tory — hout,  
Get St. Boniface Fire BRIGADE!"





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**“WINDY”**

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“ WINDY ”

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**L**ADY Marmaduke Montague-Marlinford-  
Dunne

Came out to the Yukon in search of her son;  
Heir to vast estates and to lands long en-  
tailed,

Handed down by great grandpapa's fist  
(which was mailed).

The young man had mushed in by the lone  
Chilcoot Pass

And was known to the boys as “ That titled  
young Ass.”

“WINDY” (continued)

FOR the stuff he wrote home took Belgravian  
breath:

“Dear Monty with savages!” — “mush-  
ing!” — “to death”!

They were shocked at the mention “pay-  
dirt”; and “the pan,”

They fully explained, was “held by Monty’s  
man!”

At St. James, The Carlton, The Ritz, it  
was told

How “Monty owns mountains and canyons  
of — Gold!”

CAME a lapse in the years and the letters.  
Despair

Seized the hearts in Belgravia — no word  
from the heir;

For the lure of the Northland — the life of the  
camp,

Had Monty the Beau transformed into a —  
tramp

Who had drifted, like jetsam, the breakers  
among,

And had almost forgotten his own mother-  
tongue.

\* \* \* \* \*



PRAY, SIR, HAVE YOU SEEN MR. MARMADUKE



“WINDY” (continued)

**I**N the year ninety-eight arrived per Dawson  
stage

In December, a lady, a maid, and a page;  
One clearly of rank. With the air of a queen  
She stepped up to the desk, asking: “Pray,  
have you seen

Mr. Marmaduke Montague-Marlinford-  
Dunne?”

Adding proudly, — “The gentleman, Sir, is  
my son.”

**T**HE clerk at the desk stared and stammered,  
then said: —

“No gent be that name in this shack has his  
bed;

But mebbe’ th’ Boys ” — Here he calls to a  
bunch,

“Say, has any o’ youse seed a kid with a  
hunch

That sounds like — Ma’am, wot was th’  
name o’ y’r son?”

She faltered, “Sir! Montague-Marlinford-  
Dunne!”

“WINDY” (continued)

**N**OBODY knew him — worse, nobody cared —  
But the bar-keep speaks up (while his quid  
he prepared),  
“ Say, w’ot was th’ kid like? ” — one stared  
at the other ——  
“ Warn’t he a pardner of Billy Bird’s brother?  
An’ had he a bench-claim know’d as ‘ Bloody  
Jim ’?  
’Cos if he had ther’s a warn’t out f’r  
**HIM!** ”

“ **I**’LL describe him, good sirs,” said the lady  
in tears:  
“ He left home just of age, namely twenty-  
one-years.  
His hair, sunny gold, is inclined to up-  
curl ——  
His complexion is peach-like — he’s fair as a  
girl.  
He has large, soulful eyes, they are beaming  
and kind, —  
A soft, bird-like voice — and an artistic  
mind.



“WINDY” (continued)

“**M**ILITARY in bearing — broad-shouldered  
and tall;  
Speaks languages seven — a ‘linguist,’  
you’d call.  
Paints, sings, rides to hounds; he dresses  
with care;  
A de-lightful manner, with most restful  
air: —  
Oh! prithee, good gentlemen, find me my son,  
Whom all London once knew as ‘THE  
DASHING BEAU-DUNNE!’”

**T**HE lady was weeping in ‘kerchief of lace  
And she saw not the smile on the rough  
miner’s face, —  
Who said: “Ma’am, y’ won’t find y’r angel  
up here, —  
Them pertickler brands — with ‘wings’ —  
disappear!  
But here’s ‘Windy’ comin’ — he knows,  
th’ ol’ tramp,  
Every Jack on th’ trail, every Jill in th’  
camp!”

“WINDY” (concluded)

“**BING-BANG!**” The door opens and  
“Windy” appears,  
A be-whiskered, a pimple-pocked tough to  
his ears:  
His jeans all in tatters, his muck-a-lucks  
worn;  
His parka was dirty, and mud-splashed  
and torn.  
His greeting: “**Wow! HAND OUT A  
HOOTCH! DURN MY GIZZARD  
IF I WARN’T COTCHED IN A HUNKER CRICK  
BLIZZARD!**”

**T**HE lady turns pale. Then the bar-keep  
behind  
Hollers: “Windy, ol’ cock! can YOU call t’  
y’r mind  
A chump ’round this camp — Ma’am, wot  
was th’ same  
Double-decker y’ called b’ th’ telescope  
name?” —  
But the lady, eyes staring, was shrieking,  
“**MY SON!**”  
Lo! “Windy” be-whiskered was “**DASH-  
ING BEAU-DUNNE!**”

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MY SONG

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## MY SONG

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**I** COULD not sing unless my song  
Had in its symphony one broken string;  
I could not say the thoughts that in me rise  
Unless my heart had been a broken thing.  
Why is it that the voice of Song so yields  
Mute music till the heart hath bled?  
Why should we find most fair and far-off fields  
By thorny by-paths led?

**B**UT if this little weakling song of mine  
Might carry cheer to one, lone, grieving  
soul,  
Most gladly would I offer Hope's bright wine  
And, smiling, drink the lees left in the  
bowl:

MY SONG (concluded)

For I have in the darkness found some  
light, —  
Some sunshine seen in shadowed evening  
hours,  
And I have found throughout the lonely night  
Some perfumed breathings from wild  
garden bowers.

AND I were ingrate not to send it on,  
Such echo of what music in me lies,  
For it may bring to some o'er darkened dawn  
The brightening glow that comes with  
morning skies.  
So, go you, little broken Song,  
And carry to some heart in bitter pain  
Only my lute's light laughter. Make thou  
strong  
The weak of heart and bid them smile  
again.











Mrs Murphy  
Pres. C. W. P. C.  
Edmonton.

Dear some. President,-

Might I  
suggest that during this terrible  
time of war, while our Canadian  
sons and brothers are away and  
'fighting the good fight', that the  
members of the C. W. P. C., at each  
provincial point, should send  
every week a home letter to our  
Boys? This "Letter from Home"  
might be compiled from newspaper  
news items, with little written in

messages of cheer and hope +

I think a snap. shot of home scenes (as churches, children, local 'tid-bits') might be in. sight at times - and this "Lettū", sent regularly to, let us say the Hospital Comm. illūs, & to Headquarters, might pass along the hands and cheer a lonely or an ailing hour +

I made the suggestion that the C.W.P.C. do this as our small offering in testimony of our deep appreciation of the home-defenders who are answering this call of Duty. Should the idea commend itself to you I feel sure that the various scattered members wd respond at once +

I send you the small thought to be used as  
you wish - being the Bro. of this body of women  
workers, I feel that the order (if adopted) should  
come from you + any thing I can do personally  
command

Yours with profound regard (affection

Jane Diefen-Mayer)

18. Edmonson St.

Neenah

Aug. 16-14

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Hayes, C. E.

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